

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 302.

ALEXANDER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"Tis o'er! Into the palace creep
The moonbeams robe the gold;
They gently fall upon the face
Of Persia's monarch cold.
Is this the man by nations cursed?
The petted child of Fame—
Who wrote upon the earth in blood
Arbela's tuneful name?

Is this the chief at whose command
Rebels and traitors waste the land?
Who raised the golden goblet high,
And drank to earth—his slave?
Ah! who is fit to fill the throne
Of Phillip's warlike son!
As harmless as the lamb now lies
The Lion of Macedon!

These pallid lips no more will taste
The wine that fires his brain;
These eyes—will feel
Love's burning kiss again?
The arm that struck proud nations low
In battle red and wild,
Is helpless now; it could not wrong
The Indoos' mothers' child!

Lift up your heads, ye nations all,
That bowed to him the knee!
Lift up your heads, and shout for joy
From Jesus to the sea!
Fear not the siren at his couch,
Whose false tears fall like rain;
For her no gods will call to life
Earth's incubus again!

Come, satraps, gather round the chief
Who gave ye each a crown;
The world that ye hold aloft
May soon be set afire.
The guarantees of life you boast
All vanished with the sun!
The vanquisher of all the world
Lies dead in Babylon!

Here, as the Sacred Volume tells,
Another king as great
As he who fills the royal cot
In darkness, pestilence, state,
And the revel, said his doom
Writ by God's awful hand:
Let drop the sacred cup profaned,
And perished with his land!

Let Alexander sleep death's sleep—
The sweetest since his birth;
No longer earth hath need of him,
Now, satiate leave the royal dead;
To him no longer cower;
Back to your States, and fight again
Like mountain wolves, for power!

Happy Harry,

THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

or,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAKE SCUD.

THE man that stood before our young friend was full seven feet in height, and in the night appeared taller. He was built in proportion to his stature, with great muscular arms, swelling chest and massive form, to which a tremendous beard, reaching far down upon his breast, gave additional strength. But it was his snow-white.

He was dressed in a suit half-civilized and half-savage, which gave his powerful form a formidable appearance. Fifty years had detracted nothing from his physical manhood, while his venerable beard and hair gave to him an air of wisdom and mental ripeness.

He was armed with a long "Kentucky" rifle, a brace of pistols and a hunting-knife; and as he appeared upon the beach he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, and, crossing his hands over the muzzle, gazed around him and at Harry and his dog in silent astonishment. He knew the Wild Boy of the Woods, and was astonished to see him there in the plight he was in. They had met before and had spent days together, but always in the forest. But neither one knew aught of the other's habitation, nor of his life beyond their first meeting in the wild-wood. It is true, Harry had heard something of a reputed giant, called Long Beard, that frequented the forest bordering on St. Clair, but as there are always so many stories prevalent on the border of mysterious giants, avengers and spirits, he gave no credence to the report until he actually met the long bearded man himself.

Belshazzar growled fiercely and seemed inclined to arrest the man's further advance, but his master bade him be quiet, and he again laid down.

Seeing the giant did not reply to his greeting, Harry said:

"Long Beard, I am monstrously happy to meet you. I am for a golden fact."

"Why, Harry, my little fellow, are you lost? are you in trouble?" the giant asked, in a deep, measured tone.

"Me lost! hoppin' hornits, no, general. But I'm wet—soakin' wet—I and Bell are. We've had the gol-awfullest, bloodiest, wickedest fight that ever took place on St. Clair's shores."

"Indeed! I thought I heard a fearful racket off herways," Long Beard said, with that same deep, measured tone; "but are you hurt, my boy?"

"Wuss than that, Big Beard, I'm totally tuckered out, demoralized. I was never so tired in all my life. I'm soakin' wet, and never felt so ornery in my life. But Je-whiz, we had a magnificent fight—me and Bell and the boys. It was superb, the way we reeled the red-skins off onto the great black skein of



"I declare it's a boy, and he's dead as a door-nail."

eternity. I tell ye, them Spartan fellers we read about doin' such big fightin' at—at Trigonometry couldn't hold a candle to us. But, Long Whiskers, and his voice fell to a serious tone, "I'm afraid one of the boys went under, while the other ort to a'died afore his mother war born."

"Why, Harry?"
He war a pusillanimous, unrectified traitor, and betrayed his friend—a splendid young man with sojer clothes on."

"Harry, come with me; I want to know more about this affair. My boat lies off north of here. I will make a fire in the cabin, and while you're drying your clothes you can tell me of your day's adventure."

"That's fair, dogged if it arn't, Big Beard, and I guess I'll accept of your hospitality; for I don't feel any too much like laying around loose to-night. Times are revivin', general; I he was 'fother man's guide. But when I seed the light from their tent, I concluded to know who they were, and sot to work thinkin' up some caper to play 'em to git inside their tent. I soon got it. I let on that I was dead, and sent Belshazzar after help to their tent."

"How many savages boarded the raft?"

"Seven; and they fit like screw-owls. But come down to the fine thing of it, we had eight enemies to contend with. As I said before, the feller Mucklewee was a traitor. He had arranged the bull-trap, of course, 'ca'se he

was 'fother man's guide. But when I seed the light from their tent, I concluded to know who they were, and sot to work thinkin'

up some caper to play 'em to git inside their tent. I soon got it. I let on that I was dead, and sent Belshazzar after help to their tent."

"Well, neither have I, general; but I guess they'll arrange things for a high old squabble of a war, if they can agree on it."

A faint smile stirred the placid calmness of the giant's face, and he said:

"Come on, Harry, you will take cold in those wet clothes."

The youth and his dog followed him some distance along the shore, when they came to where the little schooner, rigged with sails, was tied up in a cove or bay. They went aboard, the boat was unfastened, sail hoisted, when the little craft glided out of the bay into the lake and sped away over its bosom.

The craft was about twenty feet in length by eight in width. Forward was a little cabin extending from the hatchway to about three feet above the deck. From the cabin to the rear extremity of the boat extended a long pole, or beam, parallel with the deck, and about two feet above it. It was attached to an upright post aft, but of what use it could be Harry could not imagine.

Long Beard conducted Harry and his dog down into the cabin, when he at once struck a fire on the elevated stone hearth in the apartment. The smoke and heat escaped through an opening in the roof.

The lad removed his outer garments and hung them around the fire to dry, substituting a blanket furnished by the giant, in their place. He next turned his attention to his fire-arms. He drew the charge from his rifle and wiped the barrel dry. The contents of his powder-horn were perfectly dry, but those

"A dog-gone fine young feller with the uniform of a captain on. He belongs somewhar South, and war on his way to Lakeview, and I'll bet anything he's a bearer of government dispatches to Major Van Horne, and that old Mucklewee knewed it, and wanted to git hold of his papers to sell them to the British."

"Very likely, Harry," replied Long Beard, reflectively.

"And great hoppin' hornits! wouldn't I, though be proper glad to know how he comes out of the fight. I'm afraid he went under, poor

with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

"I seed ole Blume smile when he read this off, and give his wamus-tail a hitch. But the preacher went into it, and just raked it down. Oh, hornits! how he pitched into the wicked; and I guess old Blume war the only mean sinner in the house. It made him squirm, I tell you, just as though a fiery dart was rankling in his old heart. But all the time I kept one eye on his face, and I could see forty devils were workin' in the satanic smile, which he tried to make folks believe war piety. Wal, things run along smoothly for awhile, and the minister war rantin' 'bout the fiery darts of the wicked, when, all of a sudden, he clapped his hands to his nose, and uttered a word that came mighty nigh bein' a cuss word. B'isness was suspended for awhile, and everybody became clamorous to know what the matter war—everybody but ole Blume. He jist reclined there in the corner, smilin' away as calm and placid as an angel. But things soon got settled when the preacher said it wa'n't nothin' but a stray yaller-jacket that had come in through the open winder and stung him on the nose. So he went into it again on the 'darts of the wicked' with renewed vigor. Things went along swimminly for awhile, when all to once ole Mrs. Trott gave a fearful scream and begun clawin' at her hair like mad. Preachin' was suspended again, and sister Trot's ills inquired after. She said sumthin' had prodded her on the head with a sharp instrument, and while she was fuming about it, brother Sharp let slip, unthoughtedly, the plumpest little oath you most ever heard a good man use, and it come out kind o' natural, too. He said sumthin' had pricked him on the upper lip, and nigh about killed him. The next minute old uncle Jerry Finch got a thrush in the ear that bounced him clear off his seat. Then it wa'n't but a little till Mirandy Brookover got a drive on the left cheek that made the old maid's tongue flutter like an ague chill. Next foller aunt Jane Ann Stump, an awful old termagant, who got an ovacious pop above the eye that knocked her a-flukin', heels over head off the bench. And yet no one knew from where all this deviltry came from; but when ole Blume smilingly suggested that it might be the 'fiery darts of the wicked,' I suspected something, and kep' my eyes on that ole galvanized sinner—I did for a fact. And now what do you suppose I diskivered, Long Beard?"

"Couldn't imagine, Harry," replied the giant, his bearded face aglow with a smile.

"I'll tell you: I diskivered that that ornery ole sneak had a hornit's nest under his wamus!"

I see now why he'd set down in a dark corner; it was so's that the insects would poll out for the light as soon as they got out, and wouldn't sting him. It beat me, it did, for a fact; and afore I could tell on him, things got quiet, and the preacher went on with his 'darts of the wicked.'

"But I kept a sly watch on ole Blume, and all at once I seed him raise his wamus, when out popped three big hornits, and away they darted around the room a-buzzin'. Two of them escaped at the winder, but t'other

descended on gauzy wing and slipped its javelin in his under lip. Lord! it made the old feller fairly 'sizz.' But things got quiet once more, and the preacher began to bring things to a close. When they all riz to sing the doxology, you'd ort to see'd em folks as had been stung. I had to snicker right out, and that old hulk of a Blume kept his head down, and his eyes closed, while he sung away as though he war the most innocent lamb in the flock. The preacher's nose was all swelled up, till it glistened like the top of his bald head. He had to tip-toe it to see over his proboscis. Brother Sharp's upper lip had swelled till it projected like a water-shed, while the under lip of Squire Flips pouted out like the lips of a motherless colt. Mirandy Brookover's cheek puffed out like a stuffed toad, and shoved the corner of her mouth away down to her chin. Jane Ann Stump's eye had swelled shut, but the other 'n' done business for both, but it looked lonely over at the men's side. Jerry Finch's ear was so big that it made him lip-sode, it did, for a fact. Altogether, gove'er, it was the sorriest and most laffable sight ever seed's. And you'd ort to 'a hear them martyrs sing! Great hornits! they roared as if for all that was out. Mirandy Brookover swelled so long on the upward scale that she like to never got her breath again. But, Big Beard, right in the middle of that dock-ology, what did that pizen ole Blume do but jerk out that whole hornit-nest and throw it over in the middle of the house! Yes, it's a burnin' fact, he did do that very thing, and you may bet nobdy waited for the 'amen,' but hustled out of that house like sixty. I got one awful sting. The gosh-darned thing launched its harpoon right slap into my face, and oh, but I swore vengeance on that demon, Blume! I was determined to be even with him, and, Big Beard, you may bet I did; and now I'll tell you how I done it—now, now, Belshazzar! Dreamin' of Ingins?"

The dog started up, with a low growl, and turned toward the door of the cabin.

Harry arose, opened the door and gazed out.

A cry burst from his lips.

"Great hoppin' hornits, Big Beard! The Old Scratch is to pay—a dozen piratical demons have boarded our schooner!"

CHAPTER VI.

LONG BEARD'S SWEEPSTAKE.

The reply that Long Beard made to Happy Harry's startling announcement was calm and

indifferent. He rose to his feet, and with the soft tread of a lion, advanced to the door of the cabin, and gazed out. True enough, he discovered a dozen forms, most of which he saw were savages, standing aft. Alongside the schooner lay their canoes.

"The shadowy imps! they must think I'm asleep. They have come to their death—or—"

"Or to ours, one'r 'tother," interrupted Harry. "It jist seems as though the varmints war determined on exterminatin' me."

"You must be a thorn in their sides, Harry," the giant quietly remarked.

"A thorn! great hoppin' hornits! if I ever git through this night, I'm goin' to turn to a contagion and spread through the Inglin country, and smite the red vagrants hip and thigh! I'll work, for a bloody fact."

"You need have no fear of getting into trouble on this craft, Harry. Those savages meant to trap us, but they'll be trapped. There, one of them is coming this way to reconnoiter, no doubt. As soon as he finds the door is closed they'll make an attack. But the moment they start this way, I propose to sweep the deck. Now, you keep an eye on that one crawling this way."

Harry was not a little surprised at the giant's calm self-assurance, and wondered wherein he possessed the power to sweep the deck, as he declared he would. The youth kept his eyes on the advancing savage through an opening in the door. The wily red-man crept softly toward the cabin and paused at the head of the steps and gazed at the door a moment, then turned and crept softly back to his comrades.

They held a momentary consultation, then all together started toward the cabin.

"Now look out, Harry!" cried the giant.

The boat was gliding along steadily, her sails drawn taut and full; but scarcely had the giant's words of caution fallen from his lips, ere the boat seemed to reel like a drunken man—turn almost at a right angle, and so suddenly, it came nigh upsetting. Simultaneously with this change of course, the long beam hitherto mentioned swept suddenly and violently around, like a mighty arm, and knocked every savage, heels over head, into the lake.

"Gemently hornits!" exclaimed Happy Harry, completely astonished. "Big Beard, every savage is gone a-fukin' overboard. Gracious! what's it mean?"

A low laugh escaped the giant's lips.

"It cleared the deck, did it?" he asked.

"Cleared the deck? Why, that's no name for it. That pole just swung around like a mule's heel, and popped them over into the lake slicker'n lightnin'. Great hornits! it war worth a picayune jist to see 'em reeled off; it war, for a sober fact; but there comes that dogged pole back. It's huntin' for more red-skins, it is, sure as you're born."

"As the boat gets square with the wind, that pole takes its former position," explained Long Beard. "You see, this boat is a contrivance of my own. By means of these ropes and pulleys that you can see here, I am enabled to steer the craft, hoist or lower sail, or by a sudden pull on this rope, change the course of the boat almost instantly; and, as it swings around, the beam sweeps around, and all that stands in its way is raked off, as you have seen."

"Hoppin' hornits! what an all-killin' contraption it is! A regler fightin'-machine. It don't like dogs, does it, general?"

"It is no respecter of persons. It would serve friend and foe alike, if acted upon. I have used it several times in sweeping the deck of savages, and never made a bad job of it yet."

"Wal, it's a mighty convenient thing, Big Beard, it is, for a downright fact. But, dogged if it didn't knock me and Belshazzar out of a fight; but then, it's all right. We're not overly anxious for battle—we have had enough to-night. But strikes me your gig is trotting along purty lively, general."

"Yes, we are moving along at a sharp speed now, and are going right down the coast. You see, the faster the boat is moving the quicker and stronger the arm out there sweeps the air."

"And so the stronger a queer pain strikes the Indians about the bulge of the bread basket, causing them to bow politely and retire quickly, to be embraced in St. Clair's plaid deep."

"Exactly," replied the great, white-bearded man, with a grim smile, as he led the way out upon the deck.

"They glanced far back over the misty waters, but no sign of the struggling enemy could be seen; but their boats, attached to the schooner, were dragging in its frothy wake behind.

"That crew'll never trouble us again," said the giant.

"No, no, general, they're gone. What a ghastly, ghastly world this is. But, then, everybody has his notions, everybody his ways."

"Let's see," said Long Beard, reflectively; "you are just going to tell me about how you repaid old Blume for his hornets when the Indians boarded us. Now, as we are moving along with a good wind and fair prospect, you might kill time by narrating the story."

"It's a short story this time, govenir; but I will tell it anyhow. It war jist this way: Blume got to be rich as Croesus. He fell heir to five hundred dollars back in New Hampshire, and then you'd ort to see that old plebian come down with his style. He actually got a full suit of store clothes, washed and shaved, and went to slashin' on airs that'd beat anything in Boston town. And the first thing we know he got to crossin' the river to squire ole' Squire Fipps' daughter, Susan, a sweet-scented gal of thirty-five, who just pucker'd up her mouth to all the other gals, and wouldn't 'sociate with anybody but rich Phineas Blume. Oh, yes, Blume war every thing to her; but people knowed old Todd Fipps, they did, for a scandalous fact. It war Mister Blume and Captin' Blume with her; and the reason they called him captain was because he commanded a mud-sew once on which that wasn't but one old nigger besides himself. But, oh, me! how old Todd did gush; and everybody knowed it wasn't his personal beauty she war after, but his fortune—his five hundred dollars. It's awful queer, Long Beard, what difference clothes made at the store and a little money will make with female woman; but then, if that's love, no gal will ever set her claws on my head; she won't, for a sacred fact. But, as I war sayin', ole' Squire Fipps had ort to 'a' shot Blume when he went there, for he war one of the congregation that got so thunderin' hornited that Sunday at meetin'. But the feller's style and cash done it to the old man, and all they'd say war: 'Cap, Blume war a jolly dog—always playin' his pranks with somebody,' and he say that that hornit affair was the most capital joke of the season, illustratin' the text about the 'arts of the wicked' so forcible. But that's all the sense some people has got. One Sunday, however, I knowed Blume were going to see his

maple-sugar, and I concluded now was my time to be even with him for that hornit job I got. I knowed he had to cross the river in the canoe used at the ferry, so down I goes to what the craft war tied up, and right under the seat, where he couldn't see, I cut a big, round hole, and plugged it up with a plug driven in from the outside. To this plug I tied a great, long, stout string, 'tother end of which I tied to a bush that hung in the water, so the string was all under the water. I hid in the bushes to wait, and directly here came old Blume, whistlin', 'I won't go home till mornin', till mornin', gay as a lark, and with a kind of a upper-teeth snort, jumped into the canoe, seated himself, put on his buck-skin gloves to keep his hands white, and then pulled out for 'tother shore, where his sweet-cider, old Todd Fipps, stood waitin' for him, a-wavin' of a big yaller henkerchief and shoutin' ditties to him, an Ottawa Inglin.

"Ha! ha! ha! Long Beard, it didn't take long to run out the full length of that string, when out popped the plug and in rushed the water like all sixty. Up jumped Captain Phin Blume with a yoop, and then you'd ort to 'a' seed him tip toe it, flip and flit.

"Hornits! hornits! yelled I, runnin' down to the river bank, ready to split with laffabilly.

"Damnation! was all I could hear from the captain's lips, the wicked ole sinner; but the next instant he raised his wings, and out he sailed into the water, and now began the fun. The spilin' of his clothes wa'n't nowhar' it wa'n't, for a fact. He couldn't swim a lick, and all of the founderin' and flummin' about I ever see'd, he done it. Why, he kicked water forty feet high, and the river war all aforsom. But he couldn't keep that up long; he was growin' feebler and feebler all the time, and I see'd he war goin' under, and 'sso I sent Belshazzar, here, out after him. The ole pup paddled up to him, and takin' him by the collar, yanked him across the river and laid him gently at the feet of his sweet pumpkin pie. Great hoppin' hornits, but if he wasn't in a plight! If'd a made a dog laff to 'a' seen him—dogged if Belshazzar didn't laugh his way when he swam over to me. I never see'd a dog tickled like he war. He'd just wag his head sometimes, thinkin' it war his tail, he war so full of dog-laff and besides himself. But, you bet, Blume had resume his buck-skin and homespun for awhile. It ruined his store clothes, and then the best of it was that naughty ole duck of hisen went square back on him—sacked him on the spot, and called him ole Blume, and 'sso him of bein' drunk. Broken-hearted and ruined, he became desirer. He swore vengeance against me, took up his old blunderbuss, and struck boldly out in search of me. The last I hear of him he war tryin' to climb the north pole to look over the country for a small boy and a big dog."

Long Beard could not repress an outburst of free, hearty laughter. The look of the boy's face, the mischievous sparkle of his big, blue eyes, his whimsical expressions, and the comic gestures that accompanied them, were sufficient to have provoked any one to laughter.

At length, however, the attention of the giant borderman was attracted by a moving light off toward the west. He knew it was along the shore. He called Happy Harry's attention to it, and after defining their geographical location, asked:

"Have you ever seen anything suspicious along this part of the coast, Harry?"

"Haven't, Big Beard; in fact, I haven't been this far south along the lake for over a year; I haven't, for a historical fact. But I've been eatin' myself down this way for several days. But, Big Beard, if that is anything you'd like to look into, Belshazzar and me can rig it out to a demonstration; we can, for a gospel fact. But there, the light's gone."

"Yes, we are moving along at a sharp speed now, and are going right down the coast. You see, the faster the boat is moving the quicker and stronger the arm out there sweeps the air."

"As the boat gets square with the wind, that pole takes its former position," explained Long Beard. "You see, this boat is a contrivance of my own. By means of these ropes and pulleys that you can see here, I am enabled to steer the craft, hoist or lower sail, or by a sudden pull on this rope, change the course of the boat almost instantly; and, as it swings around, the beam sweeps around, and all that stands in its way is raked off, as you have seen."

"Hoppin' hornits! what an all-killin' contraption it is! A regler fightin'-machine. It don't like dogs, does it, general?"

"It is no respecter of persons. It would serve friend and foe alike, if acted upon. I have used it several times in sweeping the deck of savages, and never made a bad job of it yet."

"Wal, it's a mighty convenient thing, Big Beard, it is, for a downright fact. But, dogged if it didn't knock me and Belshazzar out of a fight; but then, it's all right. We're not overly anxious for battle—we have had enough to-night. But strikes me your gig is trotting along purty lively, general."

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"It is no respecter of persons. It would serve friend and foe alike, if acted upon. I have used it several times in sweeping the deck of savages, and never made a bad job of it yet."

"Wal, it's a mighty convenient thing, Big Beard, it is, for a downright fact. But, dogged if it didn't knock me and Belshazzar out of a fight; but then, it's all right. We're not overly anxious for battle—we have had enough to-night. But strikes me your gig is trotting along purty lively, general."

"Yes, we are moving along at a sharp speed now, and are going right down the coast. You see, the faster the boat is moving the quicker and stronger the arm out there sweeps the air."

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They lay upon the cavern floor, where he had sat.

The whole band was aroused, and in a moment all were hurrying through the cavern. Captain Kirby Kale brought up the rear. Curses fell from his lips and rage darkened his brow.

"Take it easy, goven'ir; it's the best way; it is, by a sacred fact," said a pleasant voice near him.

Kale turned, and to his surprise saw Happy Harry reclining on his elbow on the ground. A mischievous, comic smile—the natural expression of the boy's countenance—was upon his face. He manifested no alarm nor curiosity concerning his whereabouts, but seemed perfectly indifferent to his situation.

And so skillfully, boldly and shrewdly had he played his part in liberating Long Beard, that the captain mistrusted nothing of the truth. He turned short upon the boy, and in a tone expressing his surprise, exclaimed:

"Why, lad, I thought you were dead!"

"Dead?" reiterated Harry; "well, 'spose I had been; a dead nigger couldn't rest in this place for the confounded noise. What ails them tatterdemallions rushin' down there like mad? Where am I, goven'ir?"

"Do you remember where you were last?" asked Kale.

"I've a faint sprin'kin' of an idea," replied the youth, scratching his head reflectively.

"I think I was scramblin' long a ledge over lookin' bay of Lake St. Clair, tryin' to get to a hawk's nest, when my foot slipped and I careened handsomely over into the water. And about this time—while I war fallin' and while mussin' around in the water—I tried to think of so many things at once that my brain couldn't hold 'em, and so I didn't think of anything. As to where I am, I can't say whether I'm on earth, or in the regions of darkness presided over by Satan. Strikes me them fellers rushin' down there are a legion of imps the way they beller. And—" he sniffed the air like a hound—"strikes me I smell brimstone."

Kirby Kale indulged in an outburst of laughter.

"Who are you, boy?" he asked.

"I used to be called Happy Harry, the Wild Boy, when I lived on earth, and made a 'b'ness of huntin' squirrels and robbin' birds' nests. I s'pose this is the hunter's corner of perdition, eh?"

At this juncture a man came up with the information that Long Beard had escaped.

Kale swore with impotent rage, and even threatened the guards with violence.

Happy Harry suddenly caught a glimpse of the man with the bandage on his head. It was the traitor, Bill Mucklewee—he who had betrayed Captain Rankin into the hands of the savages. But the villain kept aloof from him as if to keep his identity concealed.

Daylight finally came outside, but darkness remained in the cavern. The lanterns had to be kept burning both night and day. Food already prepared was served out to the band. Harry partook heartily and made himself at home among the strangers and enemies. In a short time all the men with the exception of Mucklewee became greatly attached to the young waif and his huge canine friend. His flushed, joyous face and sparkling eyes, and his rollicking spirit, broke like a flood of sunlight into their dark retreat and its dismal, monotonous life.

Captain Kale questioned Harry closely about the rumored war with England, Long Beard, and many other things, all of which the youth evaded in such a careful manner that he left the captain no wiser, and without having his suspicions aroused.

Harry and his dog were given the liberty of the cavern. The youth could have escaped, but he was not ready yet. He was anxious to know what the band was doing there. He could not believe they were the lake pirates of whom Long Beard had spoken, and yet he was fully convinced that it was a party whose movements were made under cover of night, as it were. And of this he satisfied himself fully. During the day he sauntered about the cavern, looking boldly into the niches and corners of the place with a listless, boyish curiosity not calculated to provoke mistrust. To his surprise he caught the glimpse of several suits of clothing laid away in one place and another which he recognized as the uniforms of British infantry. This discovery left no doubt in his mind as to who and what the band was—a company of His Majesty's troops that had stolen across the line from Canada and ambushed themselves in the cavern. But, what their object could have been in so doing, and in concealing their military insignia beneath the garb of civilians, was beyond our hero's comprehension. But he mentally resolved to know, now that he was in their midst.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 301.)

Erminie: OR, THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. TOOSYPEGS IN DISTRESS.

"Ah! me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"ADMIRAL HAVENFUL, it's kind of you to ask, but I ain't well at all; I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a deeply dejected voice, as he walked into the parlor of the White Squall and took his seat without ever raising his eyes from the floor.

"Stand from under!" growled the admiral, in a tone like a bear with the bronchitis, as he gave his glazed hat a slap down on his head, and looked in a bewildered sort of way at the melancholy face of Mr. O. C. Toosypegs.

"Admiral Havenful, it's my intention to stand from under as much as possible," said Mr. Toosypegs, mournfully; "but, at the same time, I'm just as miserable as ever I can be, thank you. I don't see what I was born for all, either. I dare say they mean well about it; but at the same time, I don't see what I was born for," said Mr. Toosypegs, with increased mournfulness.

The admiral laid both hands on his knees, and leaning over, looked solemnly into Mr. Toosypegs' face. Reading no expression whatever in that "Book of Beauty" but the mildest sort of despair, he drew himself up again, and grunted out an adoration to "heave ahead."

"Admiral Havenful, would you oblige me by not saying that again?" said Mr. Toosypegs, giving a sudden start, and keeping his hand to his stomach with a grimace of intense disgust. "You mean real well, I know; but it recalls unpleasant recollections that I

wish buried in oblivion. Ugh!" said Mr. Toosypegs, with a convulsive shudder.

The admiral looked appealingly at the great painting on the mantel; but as that offered no suggestion, he took off his hat, gave his wig a vigorous scratching, as if to extract a few ideas by the roots, and then clapping it on again, faced around, and with renewed vigor began the attack.

"Now, Mr. Toosypegs, I'm considerable out of my latitude, and if you'll just keep her round a point or so, I'll be able to see my way clearer, and discover in which corner the winds sits. What's the trouble, young man?"

"The trouble, Admiral Havenful, is such that no amount of words can ever express it. No, Admiral Havenful!" exclaimed the unhappy Mr. Toosypegs, "all the words in all the dictionaries, not to mention the spelling books that ever was printed, couldn't begin to tell you the way I feel. It worries me so, and preys on my mind at such a rate that my appetite ain't no circumstance to what it used to be. My Sunday swallow-tails (the one with the brass buttons, Admiral Havenful), that used to barely meet on me, goes clear around me twice, now. I don't expect to live long at this rate, but I guess it's pleasantest laying in the graveyard than living in this vale of tears," added Mr. Toosypegs, with a melancholy snuffle.

Once again the perplexed admiral looked helplessly at the picture; but the work of art maintained a strict neutrality, and gave him not the slightest assistance. Then he glanced at Mr. Toosypegs, but still nothing was to be read in those pallid, freckled features, but the mildest sort of anguish. The admiral was beginning to lose patience.

"Belay there! belay!" he roared, bringing his fist down with a tremendous thud on his unfeeling knee. "Come to the point at once, Orlando Toosypegs! What the dickens is the matter?"

"Admiral Havenful, don't swear!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, looking deeply scandalized.

"I dare say you mean well; but profane swearing isn't so edifying as it might be. I've a little tract at home that tells about a boy that told another boy to go to blazes!"

"They goes and gets married. That's what they does," repeated the admiral, folding his arms and leaning serenely back, like a man who has settled the matter forever. "And now, Orlando Toosypegs, in the words of Scripture,"—here the admiral got up and took off his glazed hat—"go thou, and do likewise."

And then clapping his hat on again, with a triumphant slap, he sat down and looked Mr. Toosypegs straight and unwinking in the face.

"Admiral Havenful, I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said the "lover," in a subdued tone; "but—but maybe she wouldn't have me. She might just as likely as not, say 'No,' Admiral Havenful."

This was a view of the case the admiral had never once taken, and it took him so completely "aback" to use his own phrase, that he could only cast another appealing glance at the picture and growl a low, bewildered adoration to society in general, to "Stand from under!"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she said 'No,' Admiral Havenful; not one bit, sir," said Mr. Toosypegs, mournfully; "it's my luck, always, to have the most dreadful things happen to me. I declare it's enough to make a fellow mad enough to go and do something to himself—it actually is."

"Don't now, Orlando, don't now," said the admiral, severely; "it isn't proper, you know, and you really shouldn't. There's a proverb I'm trying to think of," said the admiral, knitting his brow in intense perplexity; "you know the Book of Proverbs, Orlando, don't you? Hold on, now, till I see: 'Fain—no—yes, fain heart—fain heart never won a fair lady.'" Again the old sailor reverentially removed his hat. "That's it, Orlando; fain heart never won fair lady." Now, look here; you go straight along and ask Firefly if she's willing to cruise under your flag through life, and if she lays her hand in yours, and says 'I'm there, messmate!' by St. Paul Jones! we'll have such a wedding as never was seen in old Maryland since Calvert came over. Hoorah!" yelled the admiral, waving his hat over his head in an unexpected outburst of delight, that quite startled Mr. Toosypegs.

"Admiral Havenful, I'll do it! I will, by grannys!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, jumping up in the excitement of the moment. "I'll go right straight over to Heath Hill and ask her. Why, she actually might say 'Yes,' after all. Oh, my gracious! if she does, won't it be nice! What will aunt Priscilla say? Admiral Havenful, it was real kind of you to advise me so, and tell me what to do; and I'm ever so much obliged to you—I really am," said Mr. Toosypegs, bustling around, and putting on his hat, and turning to go.

"Keep her to the wind's eye!" roared the admiral, in a burst of enthusiasm, as he brought one tremendous sledge-hammer fist down with an awful thump on the table.

"Admiral Havenful, it is my intention to keep her to the wind's eye as much as possible," said Mr. Toosypegs, who comprehended the sentence about as much as he would a Chinese funeral-oration. "Good-by, now; I'll come right back when it's over, and tell you what she said."

And like the frog immortalized in Mother Goose, who "would a-wooing go," Mr. O. C. Toosypegs "set off with his opera-hat," on that expedition so terrifying to bashful young men—that of going to "pop the question."

When a young man goes and falls in love with a young woman, what does he do? Why, Orlando Toosypegs, he goes and marries her! That's what he does!"

And hereupon the admiral administered another vigorous slap to his glazed hat, that very nearly stové in the crown of that ill-used head-piece; and leaning back in his chair, looked with excusable triumph and exultation at Mr. Toosypegs.

That young gentleman gave a sudden start, such as people are in the habit of giving when they sit on a tin tack turned up, and got very red, but did not reply.

"Now, look here, Orlando Toosypegs," reiterated the admiral, bringing the forefinger of his right hand impressively down on the palm of his left, "they goes and gets married. That's what they do."

"They goes and gets married. That's what they does," repeated the admiral, folding his arms and leaning serenely back, like a man who has settled the matter forever.

"A—pretty miserable, thank you. A—I mean I ain't very well, Miss Pet," said Mr. Toosypegs, stammering, and breaking down.

"Miss Pet, excuse me, but I—I'd rather not tell, if it's all the same," replied Mr. Toosypegs, blushing deeply.

"Oh, fool! tell me, as a friend, you know. Won't ever mention it again, so help me! Do I know her?"

"Ye—yes, Miss Pet, slightly."

"Hem! It isn't Annie Grove!"

"No, Miss Pet—why, she's forty years old, if she's a day," said Mr. Toosypegs, indignantly.

"Yes, I know—twenty-five, she says; but she's been that as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember. Well, then, Jessie Mas-

"Miss Pet, allow me to say I ain't in the hab-

it of falling in love with women with wooden legs," said the young gentleman, with dignity.

"Well, I didn't know; it's cheaper, in shoe-

leather, especially. Hem-m-m! Perhaps it's Mrs. Jenkins!"

"Mrs. Jenkins! a widow! No, Miss Pet, it

ain't. I should think you might know I don't as near being indignant as he ever was in his life."

"Well, who the mischief can it be then? It must be Hulda Rice."

"A little stout thing, with—with a hump,

and cross-eyes? Miss Pet, it ain't!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, with tears of vexation in his eyes.

"Not her, either? then I give up. Who is it, Orlando?"

"Miss Pet, I don't like to tell—you'll laugh at me," said Mr. Toosypegs, blushing deeply.

"Laugh! No, I won't; honor bright! I'll look as grim as a death's-head and cross-bones! Now then, out with it!"

"Miss Pet, it's—it's—"

"Yes—well?"

"It's—"

"Well?"

"It's you," fairly shouted Mr. Toosypegs, driven to desperation by her perseverance.

"Me! O ye gods and goddesses, without skirts or bodies! Me! Great Jephospat! I'll know what it feels like to be unexpectedly struck by a cannon-ball, after this! Me! Well, I never!"

"Miss Pet, I knew you would laugh; I knew it all along, and I told him so this morning," said Mr. Toosypegs, with a snuffle; "you mean well, I dare say, but it don't seem kind at all."

"Laugh!" exclaimed Pet; "come, I like that, and my face as long as an undertaker's! You may take a microscope and look from this until the week after next, and then you won't discover the ghost of a smile on my countenance. Laugh, indeed! I'm above such a weakness, I hope," said Pet, with infinite contempt.

"Then, Miss Pet, perhaps you will have me," said Mr. Toosypegs, with sudden hope. "Miss Pet, I can't begin to tell you the way I love you; you can't have any idea of it; it goes well, I dare say, but it don't seem kind at all."

"Laugh!" exclaimed Pet; "come, I like that, and my face as long as an undertaker's! You may take a microscope and look from this until the week after next, and then you won't discover the ghost of a smile on my countenance. Laugh, indeed! I'm above such a weakness, I hope," said Pet, with infinite contempt.

"Orlando, I'm very sorry; but—I can't."

"Miss Pet, you don't mean it; you can't mean it, surely. I know I ain't so good-looking as some," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a melancholy tone; "but I can get something to take the freckles off, and I expect to fatten out a little, by-and-by, so—"

"Now, don't go to any such trouble for me," said Pet, with difficulty keeping from laughing at his mildly-anguished look. "I don't mind the freckles at all; I rather like them, in fact; they vary the monotony of the complexion, just as oases do in the deserts we read of; and as for being thin—well, I'm rather on the hatchet-pattern myself, you know. But you must quit thinking about me, Orlando, because I'm only a wild little Tomboy, that everybody gets furious about, and I never intend to get married at all—that is, unless—well, never mind."

"Miss Pet, if you only knew how badly in love I am."

"Oh, you only think so; you'll forget me in a week!"

"I'll never forget you, Miss Pet, never—not even if I was to be taken out of this world altogether, and sent up to New Jersey. It's awful to think you won't have me—it really is," said Mr. Toosypegs, in great mental distress.

"Well, I'm sorry, Orlando, but I can't help you, you know. Now I'm a good boy for my sake, and try to forget me—won't you?" asked Pet, coaxingly.

"I'll try to, Miss Pet, since you wish it," said Pet, with tears in his eyes; "but it's blamed hard. I wish to gracious I had never been born—I just do! I don't see where the good of it at all."

"Oh, now, Orlando, you mustn't feel bad about it, because it won't amount to anything," said Pet, in a consoling tone; "don't let us talk any more about it. Guess what I heard last night over at Judestown."

"I'm sure I don't know, Miss Pet," said Mr. Toosypegs, wiping his eyes and nose a vigorous wiping with his handkerchief.

"Well, then, that the gang of smugglers who

have been for so long a time suspected of hav-

ing a rendezvous around the coast somewhere,

have been seen at last. Two or three of them

were observed pulling off in a boat, the other

night, and going on board a dark, suspicious-

looking schooner, anchored down the bay.

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Sunshine Papers.

The Spirit of Fuss.

"Oh! Maggie, dearest!"

"Maggie dearest" sat before the cheery grate fire, in the hotel parlor, slowly buttoning her white gloves and engaging in fitful conversation with a gloved and overcoated gentleman near. She was sweet of face, calm of manner, low-voiced; and the person whose salutation preceded her in loud, hurried tones, as she bustled into the salon, must have set Maggie's nerves sadly ajar.

"Dear! dear! have I kept you waiting? But you will pardon me, my pet? And have you been shockingly lonely?"

Maggie responded to the hurried sentences by presenting the gentleman, and avowing the time had passed most pleasantly, and assured her friend that it was not in the least late. Then the bustling lady crowded expressions of delight at the gentleman's arrival, a significantation that she was ready to depart, an announcement that she had forgotten her tickets, a countermand of that announcement, a fruitless search for the precious little articles, a reannouncement of her forgetfulness, a declaration that earth held no allurements sufficiently attractive to deter her from seeing the drama that night to be played—all into sixty seconds; and ended by whisking up stairs after the missing papers of admittance.

"Maggie dearest" and the gentleman called had barely time to recover themselves with a long breath when the personified Spirit of Fuss was back. This time she must stay to put on her gloves, and entangle herself and Maggie in a very ludicrous mistake concerning the gentleman's call. Before her blunder was made clear to her she had discovered that she must take a wrap and was violently summoning a waiter. Her orders as to where he would find the garment were remarkably vague; and by the time he disappeared in the hall above she remembered she had told him altogether wrong and had left the cloak in the room of a friend, and vanished in pursuit of him, leaving her companions, evidently, possessed of unspeakable emotions.

When she made her third appearance in the parlor her friends managed to convey her toward the door, while she, in one breath, was hoping they wouldn't be late, their seats would prove good ones, that it would not rain, and expressing her unbound delight that the gentleman was to enjoy the play with them—though he, poor man, had not the most remote idea of further attendance than to escort them to an omnibus, ere he returned to the sick-room of his wife.

It has been a matter of mournful meditation, since, whether the sick wife received as patient and devoted attentions from her spouse that particular evening as he was wont to accord her. It would not be surprising if she did not. However, in all fairness to him, and as a valuable warning to his wife, it is a pity that some one could not have explained to her how trying an ordeal to nerves and temper her husband had been forced to endure. When she realized that that ordeal was the result of a diabolical tendency on the part of her own sex to indulge in a spirit of fuss, that is torturing to nerves and ruinous to good temper, she certainly would have overlooked all omissions or commissions on his part.

It is strange how many women bustle about like small whirlwinds, talk as if impelled by inward machinery that once wound could not cease, and act like non-reasoning creatures generally. It certainly is a spirit to be deprecated—the spirit of fuss. If women would but study its workings they would find that, in no small degree, it proves the leaven which, permeating a series of small household discomforts, poisons at last the vitality of many material relations.

There are few men who can endure fuss. When the husband comes tired from business, to find rest at home, there are no circumstances more annoying than the ways of a fussy woman. Bustle, restless, nervous, and noisy manners, suggestions of inopportune matters, needless reiterations of domestic troubles and personal grievances, unnecessary ado over trifles, and unreasonable demands and unsystematic ways are, in the aggregate, an intense aggravation to most members of the masculine sex.

Many women seem imbued with the erroneous idea that a fussy person must be a good housekeeper. It is as easy for the wife to have all domestic matters reduced to as systematic a routine as that with which her husband conducts his business; and to a sensible woman would be as imperative. The best housekeepers are those with whom a spirit of fuss is foreign; who manage all matters in a quiet, commonsense way, and render home, or any place pervaded by their presence, calm, pleasant and restful.

Another reason why women should study to be gentle and quietly self-possessed, in all their manners and under all circumstances, is that the spirit of fuss is distinctively vulgar. A thoroughly well-bred woman will seldom allow herself, under ever so startling circumstances, to be surprised out of her ordinary repose and self-command. The people of the middle classes in monarchies, and the people of all classes in our own republic, might profitably imitate the manners of the nobility in this one particular. There is nothing of which a titled personage has more honor than a scene, or to be conspicuous. And there are few lessons that women can learn which will, in the course of a lifetime, conduce so much to the comfort of others, and make their own lives successful, as quiet manners and absolute self-control—both bitter enemies to the vulgar and annoying spirit of fuss.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DRESS.

I DON'T know how it is that persons, who are continually pleading poverty and bitterly complaining because times are so hard, busi-

ness so dull, and cash so scarce, manage to dress so well and have just such articles as they desire, but I do know that they do so. Not long since I was called upon to sympathize with a neighbor who was very abusive of the times because she had such a hard struggle to make her way. She wanted all the condolences I had to spare, and that I freely gave her. And the very next day she purchased a new dress, and not a very cheap one, either. I met her not a great while afterward, and she told me that she had passed many a sleepless night in worrying how she was to procure the coveted article, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might run in debt for it.

I then thought that there have been more sleepless nights caused by this worrying as to how shall procure new clothes than there ever have been in thinking how we are to pay for the same. And I have not altered my opinion, as yet. "Charge it," are simple words to say, and bear but little meaning to us. "Pay it" are stern realities, and sometimes make one quiver. I think that going into debt for superfluities is exceedingly wrong, and oftentimes sinful.

How much one will sacrifice for dress, and dress of no mean quality, either! How many desire to appear as well-dressed, if not better dressed, than their neighbors without being able to gratify their desires, yet will cut and contrive, pinch and scrape, until their wishes are accomplished!

I know of one woman with a large family of children who works out a great deal, and all the money she receives she lays out in dress for herself, while the poor little ones crawl around the room with scarcely enough to cover their bare limbs, and, in winter, these poor neglected children go to bed to keep warm, for no fire is allowed them. The heat must be denied them to gratify the mother's love of dress. The father provides for the house, but the children must pick up what is given them to wear. This is one of the rare exceptions—Heaven be thanked that it is rare—where a mother neglects her children to bed herself!

How the following old couple runs in my head:

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
Fare fancy you consult, consult your purse."

If every one were to consult their purse before they purchased their dresses these same dresses would be less expensive and just as neat. I don't want every one to deprive themselves of the good things to wear, for those who can afford the silks and satins are justly entitled to them, and it gives the sewing-girls and working-women employment. But, when a person is poor, how utterly wrong it is for her to ape the fashions of the wealthy when she knows, or should know, very well that she cannot afford the outfit.

I don't mean to imply that because a person is poor she should go about looking like a dowdy and sloven. There is no need of that; but when a woman has fifteen to twenty yards of ruffling on her clothes, and her children are in want of decent wearing apparel, it seems to me that it looks foolish for the woman and is cruelly toward the children. Such mothers are not often found, and glad enough am I that they are not.

I know another mother who sees first to the comfort of her brood before she gives a care to herself—who will wear old shoes that her daughter may have the new pair, and she utters no complaint in doing so. She is a self-sacrificing woman and a true and noble mother.

Could you take comfort in wearing expensive clothes when you knew others of your blood were suffering for necessary articles to cover their limbs? I couldn't, and I wouldn't! I'd have the nightmare in my sleeping hours, and be a prey to conscience in my waking ones.

When there are so many homeless ones wanting shelter—so many bare limbs needing clothing—so many hungry mouths wanting food—does it not seem almost wicked for people to spend so much time and money upon dresses for self?

Oh, brothers and sisters, live and work for others beside yourselves!

Dress more plainly and less extravagantly so that your less fortunate kindred may have decent things to wear. If you live for others more than for self God will reward you. What higher or better reward could you wish

EVE LAWLESS.

MATERNAL DECEPTION.

EVER since Rebecca, the prime actor in maternal deception, played off her successful plot upon her blind and aged husband, the patriarch Isaac, the world has not been destitute of mothers who intriguing with their sons against the husband and the father. Sometimes the plot is to secure a greater portion of the paternal estate for a favorite son; but more frequently in matters of smaller amounts. The son wants more money to spend than the father is willing to furnish, and the mother plots to obtain it. She may honestly think the father is too close-fisted with the boy, and does not give him the amount which true paternal regard would dictate; and so, impelled by her maternal love, she seeks to make up the deficiency by some scheme which will outwit the father and get the money out of him by deception.

Such a course is detrimental in the greatest degree. It tends directly to injure the object of her maternal love by breaking down all nice distinctions of honor and honesty. If a boy may deceive a father for selfish ends—that father whom he is bound to respect, love, reverence and obey above all other men—and does this with the approbation and assistance of his own mother, how can that boy be expected to have any fine sense of honor and honesty toward other men? The inevitable result of all such practice of deception will be to destroy, in the mind of that boy, all high respect for the truth, and lead him to seek to obtain his ends by any means, however justifiable, which seem to promise success. And thus he grows to manhood, with a character noticeable for being tricky, dishonest and dis honorable.

But it is not necessary to wait until he arrives at manhood to see to fruit. Having learned, by maternal assistance, to deceive his father, he contrives like plots against his mother. After a time she is greatly surprised to find that boy playing off the grossest deceptions upon herself. At first she is astonished above measure and grieved beyond expression. She can not conceive it possible that the son for whom she has done so much should turn against her with such ingratitude. She does not stop to think that he is only practicing on her the very lessons she has taught him; that she herself has been one of the chief means of destroying within him all nice sense of honor and all true parental respect. And yet, such are the exact facts in the case; nor is it anything uncommon to hear boys justify the deceptions they practice upon their mothers by saying, "Oh! phaw! she cheats the old man, and I cheat her—it's all on the square!"

"That wouldn't afford you very much satisfaction," he replied, very greatly alarmed. I couldn't see why it wouldn't.

"You shall arrange this thing just to suit yourself, certainly, but of course, you intend the swords to have the sheaths on," said I, with the most heroic bearing.

"Without the sheaths—noting but the naked sword," he replied, very much startled; "I want to oblige you in every respect."

It was plain he did.

"What kind of shields do you think would be the best the matter of defense?" I asked, warily.

"There is to be no defense made in this fight; we are to cut and slash away until one or the other yell's enough."

"Well, as to yelling out, I would be willing to allow you the preference in that, but, what time do you suggest?" I asked, murderously;

"It's better not to be too hasty in such a sort of a contest as this."

"To-morrow morning," he said, with trembling consternation.

"That is satisfactory, my dear Mr. Boggis. I will be there or send a hand. Good day."

Too great care cannot be observed in maintaining the strictest honor and honesty in all home transactions. Everything done and said should be the very soul of truth. More boys and girls too—are morally ruined in their homes, and by home influence and example, than anywhere else, or in any other way. It is done by the false lessons there taught them; by the loose ideas there engendered in their mind; by the deceptions there practiced; and by the "white lies" there spoken and enacted. Under the influence of these they grow up with no high sense of honor; with no staunch adherence of integrity; with no firm principle sufficient to bind them to the right and to barricade them against the assaults of temptation. And this must be the case when home-life is not the soul of honor in all its ways—the correct practice of truth and of integrity in all its acts.

In view of these facts we feel that it is of the greatest importance that mothers should be brought to consider the danger to their children which grows out of those maternal deceptions which are too prevalent in many homes.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning a Duel with Swords.

I AM man of peace, but occasionally I am compelled to break it.

When Boggis insinuated that my venerable grandmother was no gentleman I felt the Whitehorn blood of thirty centuries rise within me, and I straightway called upon him at his house for a retraction and apology, and to make him enter into bonds to keep the peace forever after, according to international laws and usages.

I found him at home, and the following bloodthirsty conversation ensued:

"Mr. Boggis," said I, defiantly, "I desire you to retract immediately, forthwith, or at least suddenly!"

Mr. B. said that it was his custom never to take anything back.

"Then," said I, furiously, "you will hold yourself my debtor for several bucketsful of blood; in other words, consider yourself challenged to mortal or immortal combat, for that is the only honorable way I settle all my difficulties. I am not in the interest of any tombstone factory and get no per cent., but tombstone men do a good business in my neighborhood."

Boggis said it gave him great pleasure to accept and suggest swords.

SWORDS! S-W-O-R-D-S. Swords. Webster defines them to be weapons for cutting or thrusting—sharp instruments.

Said I boldly: "You do not really mean swords, Mr. B.?"

"Swords are the word, Mr. W., most assuredly."

"Well," said I, bravely, "do you mean to say sharp swords with edges?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "they must be sharp, and with two edges."

"Oh," said I, "as far as the edges are concerned I shall not insist that they be too sharp; I would not care," said I, sarcastically, "if the swords were single-edged with the edge just as sharp as the back. But what about the buttons on the point?" I asked, contemptuously.

"That will never do. You see, Mr. W., that I am perfectly willing to give you all the satisfaction you demand in this thing."

I saw he was.

"And," continued he, very badly frightened, "one or both of us must expect to be all cut to pieces."

That was what I thought.

"It doesn't strike you, as it were, that a duel could be fought around a barn and become more highly exciting and sanguinary than otherwise?" said I, with a calmness and serenity that must have struck him to the heart.

"Nothing of the sort," he replied, terrorstrickenly; "I'll assure you that will not answer."

I couldn't see why it might not.

"But," said I, coolly and defiantly, "if it is necessary to fight with one arm tied, why would it not do just as well, or a little better, to fight with both our arms tied together?" and I looked at him fiercely.

"That will never do. You see, Mr. W., that I am perfectly willing to give you all the satisfaction you demand in this thing."

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"To-morrow morning," he said, with trembling consternation.

"That is satisfactory, my dear Mr. Boggis. I will be there or send a hand. Good day."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—About a clerk's life in New York much misconception exists among young men in the country. The idea is, that, if a clerk's situation is once secured, all is clear sailing

IT WILL ALL COME RIGHT AGAIN.

SONG.

BY EBEN E. RExford,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

To-day I read in the Psalmist
The royal singer's Song
Of love and the love of goodness—
To triumph over all wrong;
And I thought that whatever of sorrow,
Of care or grief or pain
Was mine, in some glad to-morrow,
It would all come right again.
The sunbeams hide the sunshine,
And the skies be dark with rain,
But we know that in God's to-morrow
It will all come right again.

The day may be dark and doleful,
The sky may be gray and cold,
But to-morrow may have its sunshine,
And the sunset-time its gold.
Not always strong and error,
But some day the right will triumph,
And some time the storm be done,
So when shadows hide the sunshine,
And the skies are dark with rain,
Be sure that in God's to-morrow
It will all come right again.

Vials of Wrath:
THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SERPENT'S GUILE.

It was a quiet, uneventful wedding—Ethel Mary's and Frank Havelstock's. The little parish chapel that bore no trace of bridal favors, only the glad sunshine that streamed in at the small chancel window; the unpretending, unromantic curate, who read the service in his dull monotone; the rows of empty seats, and four or five straggling worshippers who were surprised at the ceremony.

They were the only witnesses; for Mr. Havelstock had not wanted to invite Ethel's enemy—Mrs. Lawrence; and of them only one was requested to sign her name beneath the officiating clergyman's.

The ceremony was soon—so fatefully short, so fearfully binding; and Ethel realized, without one thrill of prescient dread, that she was never more Ethel Mary, but Ethel Havelstock. She was very grave, with a sweet, shy serenity in her manner, and a tender, thoughtful joy in her deep eyes, as with fingers that would tremble, spite of herself, she signed the marriage register.

They walked down the aisle, Ethel on her husband's arm, and entered the carriage as quietly and unostentatiously as they had come—only there was such an awful difference—I say awful; perhaps, rather, awe-full—only Ethel did not realize it; and, perhaps, it was as well that she did not—perhaps, in view of all that she would be called upon to suffer and endure, her fate was kind to her in thus permitting her to crowd into a brief space such exquisite content.

They were driven direct to the little rustic station that accommodated Tanglewood; and Havelstock hung out the scarlet signal for the train already in sight.

He had arranged it well with his shrewd forethought and the knowledge that none of the family at Tanglewood, or arriving or departing guests, ever used this early train. He knew that at the very moment he was assisting his bride in the car, in all probability breakfast was just over at Tanglewood, and that Mrs. Lexington and Ida Wynne, in their morning wrappers, were lounging in their own rooms; possibly in the conservatory.

He had left word for Georgia that unexpected business, which he explained to Mr. Lexington, called him away for an indefinite time. He had commissioned Mr. Lexington—to whom he gave as his reason some reasonable business engagement—to convey his regards and regrets to Miss Wynne and the other guests, and then—he went for Ethel Mary!

A couple of hours' ride brought them to New York, where Havelstock brought his bride to the Brevoort for dinner. After dinner, first, a drive through Central Park, that was radiant with all the splendor of June glory, and then to the Fall River steamer, on which they were to take passage to Boston for a short, quiet wedding tour.

The weather was just perfection, and in its sweetness in accord with Ethel's sunny face and lightsome heart. It was a delightful trip—a very ideal of complete happiness, and the fair bride found herself asking of herself every hour of every one of those swift-passing, bliss-laden days, when she and Havelstock leisurely traveled wherever his inclination led him, if she were really herself—really Ethel Mary, whom Mrs. Lawrence had ordered from her roof?

Her happiness dizzied her with its intoxicating sweetness and rare newness, and by a thousand charming, graceful wiles, that sprung from her contented heart, from her affectionate gratitude, Ethel taught her husband to love her more and more.

He really did love her as deeply as was consistent with his nature and his principles. He admired her most unfeignedly, and respected her as he did no one else. He knew her to be of purest principle; a girl who would not scorn to suffer in the right rather than permit the wrong; and he knew, too, with a curious realization of his own demerits, that if Ethel could read some of the hidden pages of his eventful life, her love, ardent though it was, would barely have forgiven him.

Another peculiarity about Ethel had particularly attracted Havelstock's notice, and that was the unconscious influence she exerted over him for the better. He felt condemned, self-reproached, penitent for his misdemeanors the more intimately he was admitted to her confidence, and the result was, when their wed-ding-trip was over, and they had taken possession of the snug little house in 123d street, that an agent had secured for Havelstock during their tour, he never was nearer purity, peace and happiness in all his life.

One day, a month after their marriage it was, they were standing together in their delightfully cosy little parlor, Havelstock suddenly told Ethel so—told her in an ardent, earnest manner that delighted her beyond expression.

"I believe you are my good angel, darling," he said, caressing her face as he drew her head down to his shoulder, and looked down in her frank, sweet eyes. "You are my north star of purity, goodness, peace, toward which I am magnetically attracted with all my faults, wickedness, shortcomings. I haven't been the best man in the world, little wife, but I hardly realized the true facts of the case until I met you; and now I promise to make myself more worthy of you, my little darling. We will be so happy, won't we?"

"We are so perfectly happy, Frank," she corrected, gently. "I sometimes think my heart must burst for very bliss when I realize solemnly, gladly, that I am your wife—your wife, Frank, never to be parted from you until death comes between us."

"Ethel, darling! my wife! and my strange, mysterious past does not trouble you at all?"

She lifted her head from his shoulder, then, and stood before him in all the queenliness of her wifehood.

"Before I knew you, dear, you were not accountable to me; surely, since I have known you, you have been perfection to me. Besides—" her face lost its tender gravity, and a bright smile, so arch and roguish, dimpled around her mouth—"besides, you see I don't quite believe you have been so *frightfully* wicked—I don't think you have another wife living."

She said it as if she meant it, and yet so said so to prove to her husband her implicit confidence in him.

Havelstock laughed more joyously than Ethel had ever heard him do before.

"You can rest perfectly content on that score, dear, and let us dismiss the conversation on this subject and introduce another more to the point. Did you know I must leave you here, all by yourself, for a fortnight?"

Ethel's face clouded for a second, then she smiled bravely.

"I have only been waiting for that. Of course, I knew you would wish to visit Tanglewood often. Are you going at once, Frank?"

"I am not particular to a day or two, although I must admit I am somewhat impatient to return to Mr. Lexington's family, if only for the briefest visit. Tanglewood is charming."

A hurried thought of Ida Wynne's fair face crossed his mind, as he spoke, and a memory of Georgia's calm, despairing life, that had approached no nearer her desired happiness during his absence—he knew that from tri-weekly letters of warmest confidence from Lexington—this memory occurred to him with an intensity that made his black eyes flash with a sudden brilliancy that did not escape Ethel's loving observation. And she felt, rather than thought, that Frank, much as he loved her, devoted as he had been, pined after his customary habits and companions; and a sharp regret that she had permitted him to remain away from them so long, rose to her lips.

"You must go at once—to-day," she said, resolutely; "we can be ready."

She stopped as abruptly as she had begun, the hot crimson rushing to her cheeks in thin, telltale tints.

She turned away from him, pretending to be busy arranging music on the piano, merely to conceal the mortification she experienced because she had let pass her lips the intimation she had intended never should pass them.

She was proud—this Ethel Havelstock, as proud as a duchess of bluest blood, and until her husband said to her he was ready to take her among his relations, Ethel was determined never to hint such was her own desire.

Of course, she expected nothing less—what wife would? Of course, she had supposed when her husband went to Tanglewood, she would accompany him, although neither of them had ever mentioned the subject. Now, when he had said he must go, and leave her alone a fortnight, it had struck Ethel with a sensation not altogether pleasurable, but she had at once convinced herself that she either misunderstood him, or that he had feasible reasons for going without her.

Then, in her sweet unselfishness, she had momentarily forgotten herself, her own wishes in her eagerness for his happiness, that she saw would be augmented by a visit to his accustomed place; and so had spoken, in her thoughtlessness, words that shamed her to have said.

As she turned her back to him, Havelstock's face gloomed, and he, too, turned on his heel, and looked out of the window, wondering how earth he was to manage it—this leaving Ethel, and at the same time, not hurting her feelings.

To take her with him was so ridiculously out of all manner of reason, that he never had given it the most trivial thought. That the Lexingtons, or any one at Tanglewood should know of him as a married man was not to be thought of, for a moment—at present, at least, delightful as it was personally to feel himself the proprietor of the little cottage in 123d street.

Why he desired to cover the track of this marriage, he himself could give no reason for—it was the innate badness of the man, whose heart was a serpent's nest of all that was designing, treacherous, sinister; it was the devilish caustiousness that Satan's own always exerts in.

To him, Ethel Mary had been nearly his salvation. She had influenced as no other human soul could do, and under her influence he had approached as near goodness and reform as he ever was to be permitted to come; he had his moment of superficial penitence, and then—crossed the dead line, that from the moment of that conversation in their parlor, that bright, sunny June day, divided their steps forever and ever.

"My dearest, I am sorry if you expected to accompany me, but in my judgment it is not practicable—just now. For reasons of my own, I desire our marriage to be kept very quiet—unknown even to my cousin Theodore."

There was intense authority in his gentle words; an authority Ethel felt in every nerve of her body as she left the music half arranged, and marched over to his side—her face palid, her eyes glowing like stars.

"Frank! you mean to tell me you are ashamed of our marriage?"

He saw the uprising indignation all over her face, and he deemed discretion the better part of valor, for the nonce.

"Ashamed! ashamed! what can you be thinking of, my darling? A thousand times no! My reasons would satisfy even you, if you knew them, and understood financial arrangements. Can't you trust me, Ethel?"

He raised her face to his; she looked into his eyes, full of well-simulated emotion—and only remembered how she loved him.

"I trust you—my husband!"

And that was the way Frank Havelstock bade his wife adieu, and went to Tanglewood.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BLOW ON THE HEART.

AFFAIRS AT TANGLEWOOD were in precisely the same condition that Lexington had represented to Havelstock in his correspondence. The days had come and gone, full of heart-breaking grief to Georgia—a grief she was forced to hide under the cover of quiet content, the horrid working of which was corroding her very soul with its agonies.

To Lexington, in his pride, his anger, his

passionate love that he kept constantly crushing with all the strength of his grand nature, life at Tanglewood was little short of torment; and yet, he stubbornly refused to leave it, and was doggedly determined to keep his wife at her proper distance.

It was a fearful condition of affairs, and nothing short of almost superhuman pride and sensitiveness on both his and Georgia's part would have sufficed to keep their ghostly secret hidden.

And so the weary days went on; the guests, except Ida Wynne, departed, and others filled their places—themselves to depart, until in midsummer, Tanglewood was left to the two, and Ida.

They had missed Havelstock very greatly—even Georgia, who since his well-simulated interest in her welfare, had learned to regret his prejudice against him, and desired to atone for it.

It was very quiet—and Georgia liked it so, best—but to-day, when her husband had gone down to the city, and Ida was off with a party, picnicking, Georgia was strangely unrestful, with a foreboding of some calamity weighing heavily on her mind.

She had been in her own rooms since luncheon, of which she had partaken alone, with so little appetite for food as to render eating a task.

She had locked her doors on the inside, and dismissed her maid, who had previously prepared her mistress' dinner toilet, and then, in cool, comfortable undress, began the attempt to pass the intervening hours until dinner, that would bring not only her husband home, but Ida Wynne, and Frank Havelstock.

Mr. Lexington had that morning, at breakfast, made the announcement that Frank's long absence was at an end, and that he would be at Tanglewood at six that night.

Georgia had replied she was glad, that she would see that his rooms were in readiness, and then asked Mr. Lexington if his coffee-cup needed replenishing.

An hour after Ida had gone with the wood-party, and later, Mr. Lexington had taken an early train.

They had been entirely alone in the breakfast-parlor when he went out—Georgia's heart was fluttering wildly as it always did when, by any mischance, they two were by themselves, and she knew all her torn, tempest-tossed soul looked out of her wistful eyes, cold, calm, unconcerned as she forced her manner to appear.

Lexington had read his paper, whistled to the canaries in the bay window, and then consulted his watch, and rung for a servant to order the phæton in ten minutes. After everything else was arranged, he turned to his wife.

"Have you any commands? I shall be back in time for dinner."

He was very courteous, very solicitous.

"None, thank you, to-day."

She gave her answer in her sweet, cheery way, that was so perfectly at variance with her feelings. "Any commands?" she thought of it now, as she walked slowly to and fro in her dressing-room, any commands for him? when she would have knelt at his feet and implored him to take her to his heart again.

She was suffering terribly for her cruelty—her harshness to him that day he returned; and her soul sickened with deathly faintness as she realized how wide a gulf was yawning between her and happiness.

Pacing to and fro, amid all the elegance of her surroundings, the tears dropped slowly from her eyes, then fell faster and faster, until it seemed as if the very floodgates of her sorrow were loosened, and, in utter desolation and abando[n] of anguish, she threw herself on the floor, and let the storm rage as it would.

It seemed to her as if some terrible crisis were coming in her life; as if some cloud of pent-up wrath were about to burst on her head, against whose fierce wrath she knew herself to be perfectly powerless.

As she turned her back to him, Havelstock's face gloomed, and he, too, turned on his heel, and looked out of the window, wondering how earth he was to manage it—this leaving Ethel, and at the same time, not hurting her feelings.

Gradually she became calmer, until, in place of her wild agitation, she resumed her usual weary, patient woe, pitiful to behold, so infinitely piteous to endure.

Very slowly the time seemed in passing that afternoon, and more times that Georgia would have dared confessed, had she gone to the windows overlooking the road to the Tanglewood-station, in a forlorn, vague expectancy of seeing her husband approaching, although she was perfectly aware there was no possible way for him to reach home until the hour appointed.

It was after three when she rung for her maid to begin her toilet for dinner—anything was preferable to those dragging, leaden-footed moments.

She took unusual interest in her dress that afternoon—she could not afford for it then, except that she so thirsted and hungered for favor in her husband's eyes. Afterward, she thought it must have been doom itself that helped her to look so wondrously fair, so perfectly radiant.

She wore a light silk—very nearly white, with a shade of pale green that caught the light in certain directions. It was made very plainly, and the absence of trimming at the waist only seemed to reveal more perfectly the exquisite outlines of her faultless figure; the sleeves were wide, and had a narrow frill of lace at the wrist, that fell away to the very elbow, displaying her arms, so white, round, firm, with wide-link bracelets.

She allowed her maid to dress her hair in a style she seldom affected, but that was vastly becoming—rolled up from her forehead in a rich, half-waving mass, and tied at the crown of her head, and then left to ripple down over her shoulders in all its length and lustre.

It was the way Mr. Lexington had liked to see her hair arranged in those early, happy days, and a style she had positively refused to adopt since his return—until to-day. And, to-day, with her heart so overwhelmed with yearning love for him that pride was almost smothered, she allowed herself the sweet indulgence, little recking who should see her.

"I will go down the walk toward the gates," she thought, with a sudden resolution, as she swept down the grand staircase and out on the piazza. "He will be coming soon—no, I will not be so childish, only to be sneered at by him. Will it never, never cease, this death-in-life?"

She retraced her steps warily, halting, uneasily, by the wide open door of the music-room; then she consulted her watch almost nervously.

"There remains an hour yet—a whole weary hour."

She crossed the floor to the grand piano that stood open, as Ida Wynne had left it, with several new classical pieces strewn carelessly upon it, and on the rack that sweetest, most pathetic of ballads that never will grow old,

that never has, and never will fail of touching the heart of the listener, be he ever so unromantic or callous-hearted—"Then you'll remember me."

Almost mechanically Georgia sat down and touched the sweet chords, then glided off into the melodious accompaniment so quaintly tender, that unconsciously urged her voice to sing the wail in the words. She was absorbed for the first time in weeks—for the first time since Mr. Lexington had returned; she did not hear the summons at the door, or note the entrance of the footman, who respectfully laid the card on his tiny silver salver beside her, on the music stand, on the pile of music, not presuming to interrupt her song.

But she was unaware of it all; those heart-touching words, so perfect an echo of her own feelings—

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such an hour I only ask
That you'll remember me,
That you'll remember me."

The pathos in her tone was indescribable; the wall was as straight from her poor, torn heart as though the words had been born there. The tears gathered in her eyes, her fingers trembled and lost their skill, and came crashing on the pearl keys in a shriek of horrid discord.

She whirled around on the stool, half in an agony of pain, half actuated by a thrill of proud impatience, and

As though this was a signal, Marco assumed the offensive, and forced Chico slowly back until he was cornered against the wall. Then, with a couple of feints, so swift that the eye could not follow them, Marco plumped his knife to the very hilt in the half-breath's neck, the point ranging down and fairly piercing his heart.

"Only for his hot temper, the boy would have been a fair knife-player," said Marco, coolly, as he stepped back and quietly folded his arms.

"Dead—he never knew what hurt him!" muttered Wister, as he bent over and examined the body.

"You won fair enough, yet I'd almost as soon have received that blow myself," said the outlaw leader, in a cold, metallic tone. "My best scout and spy—well, such is life! How is it, fellows? Is it we to acknowledge Senor Marco as our master?"

"Collar-and-elbow's said he don't mind takin' a turn in 'im," cried out one of the men, and a heavy yet well-built man stepped forward.

"Anything to please the children!" laughed the man with the scar. "Play light, old man—you've got my weak point now. I am better with the fists than at this work."

"I'm the bye for yez at that game, too, honey," grinned the Celt, as they carefully secured their grips.

The struggle was more even this time, yet it was evident to all that "Collar-and-elbow" had found his match, if not superior. Then the Celt gave a little cry of triumph. He had succeeded in getting in his favorite "lock," and considered a victory assured. But Marco suddenly broke the lock, bowed his head, and with an effort that caused every muscle to crack, lifted his antagonist up and flung him heavily over his head. The fall was a square one, both shoulders touching the ground.

"Who comes next?" cried Marco, flushed, yet breathing evenly despite the long and trying struggle. "I've got my hand in, and don't care what you try me at. Anything—anything! What not one man in all this crowd with confidence enough in himself to give me a trial?"

"The devil himself wouldn't tackle you after seeing you perform, comrade," cried Wister, bluntly, as he grasped the scarred man's hand and wrung it warmly.

"You have done enough for one day, Senor Marco," said the chief, though coldly. "You are a worthy addition to our band, and we will swear you in to-night. If you accept the conditions, well and good; you will never regret doing so. If not—"

"Well—if not?" asked Marco, as the chief paused.

"There is no alternative. No man can enter here without becoming one of us, or—dying. You understand?"

"It is this a threat, Senor Barada?"

"No—a caution. Wister, a word with you," and he drew his follower aside, yet speaking in a tone distinctly audible to the new recruits. "Double the guards—close a close look-out. Suffer no one to leave the cavern without he can show my pass. There's mischief in the wind!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 296.)

GRANDPA'S THOUGHTS.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Old grandpa sat by the cozy fire
With his "spouse" upon his nose;
As the red flame mounted higher and higher,
The old man began to doze,
When Nellie, his darling, came along
With a merry laugh and rippling song.

Seeing her grandpa fast asleep,
Fair Nellie, on mischievous bound,
First took a peep from out the door,
Then crept without a sound,
And thought to fright him with quick surprise;
But the old man laughed with open eyes.

"Of what were you thinking, grandpa mine?"
Said Nell, as she crept up on his knee;
"Were you thinking of the olden time?
When you sailed upon the sea?"
Or, perhaps, of the days of your manhood life
When you won my grandma to be your wife?"

"Or, perhaps, you were thinking of days gone by
When you was a little lad:
So, grandpa, don't make you sigh—
And why do you look so sad?"

Now, grandpa, come: don't be a tease,
But tell me—what were you thinking, please?"

"Well, well," said grandpa, with laughing eye,
"I'll tell you then, my pet;
Now listen, and hear the story true;
Be sure that you don't forget!
I know, my darling, you'll think it queer;
I was thinking—it's time to have my beer!"

Nick Whiffles' Pet: NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR YEARS AFTERWARD.

FOUR years have passed, and the short, beautiful summer of the North-west has again folded mountain, prairie and stream in its loving embrace. The sky is clear and bright with sunshine, the streams, except among the mountains, are free from ice, and the face of nature is very different from what would be expected so soon after such severe weather.

In front of a rough, grotesque cabin, which has already been described to my reader, sits Nick Whiffles, cleaning his rifle. Although four years have passed since we last saw him, there is scarcely any perceptible difference in his appearance. In the grizzled beard which covers the greater part of his face, there may be seen a few more straggling hairs, but that is all. The eye is just as bright, the step as firm and powerful, and the smile as genial as ever. He is dressed in the same hunter costume, and so far as he is concerned, it seems that a few days only have passed since his participation in the rescue of Hugh Bandman and the Phantom Princess.

A short distance away, the rotund, sleek-looking Shagbark is browsing the rich, succulent grass, and at the side of his master, with his nose between his legs, dozes his dog, Calamity.

Four years have made their mark in the career of Calamity, although he still bears up well under them. He is somewhat unwieldy in his movements, and has become quite fond of basking in the warm sunlight, and of sleeping by the blazing fire during the terrible cold of winter. Perhaps he is a little more surly to strangers, too, and is disposed to resent undue familiarity upon the part of any one. But he loves Nick as well, and his dangerously-sharp teeth are ready to be used in his service at any time.

The old hunter seems to be in a reverie this afternoon, and his motions in cleaning his weapon are almost mechanical, his thoughts being far away on different matters altogether.

Suddenly he stops polishing the already-

gleaming rifle-barrel that is stretched across his knees, and with one hand pressing down and grasping it, and shoving his coon-skin cap back from his forehead with the other, he exclaims:

"I swoo to gracious! if it ain't four years ago this very summer sin' Ned left me, with his father, and with Hugh and his wife. They left the little gal behind them, and that same gal has grown into one of the prettiest creatures that a man ever set eyes on."

At this point one of his broad smiles illuminated his face, and he added in a confidential tone to himself:

"I wonder, now, ef I was a mind, ef I couldn't raise a condemned diffikility there. No one dare say I ain't handsome, and then I've heard tell of folks gettin' married as old as my father would be if he were living to-day."

He smiled a few moments in the enjoyment of his own fancy, and then his face became sober again.

"No, the day has gone by fur Nick Whiffles to think of sich things. He is married to the woods, and peraries, and mountains, but Miona, if Ned hasn't forgot his promise, it'll pay him to come out here to see her. It's about a month sin' I was through the village, and she looked purty 'nough to fly off like an angel. She hasn't forgot Ned, neither, and axed me about him; but I couldn't tell her nothin'. All I k'now is that Ned and his old man went to England, as they call it, in the same vessel that carried Hugh and the Phantom. There's been a trapper down here every spring to ax about the gal, that I 'pose Hugh and his wife sent, and there's n' danger of their forgettin' her—Hello!"

At this juncture, Calamity threw up his head, pricked up his ears, and uttered a growl—an indication that some stranger was at hand. Almost instinctively Nick grasped his rifle, and looked inquiringly in the direction indicated by the dog.

"What is it, pup?" he demanded, in an un-dertone; "any call for powder and ball?"

The reply speedily came. The crackling of the undergrowth was heard, and the next moment a young man in the jaunty costume of an English sportsman stepped into the clearing. He wore the velvet cap, coat and vest, the high-topped boots, the leather covering the knees, the powder-flask at the side, and the richly-mounted rifle of the professional hunter of civilization, and there was an ease and self-possession in his manner acquired only by long and genuine practice in hunting game.

The countenance of the young man was frank and prepossessing, with his dark, hazel eyes, the ruddy, rose-tinted cheeks, and their soft "mutton-chop" whiskers. He was of a muscular mold, and would have pulled with the famed Oxford crew of his own country.

He paused a moment in front of the hunter, and then, with beaming face, walked rapidly toward him, holding out his hand.

"How do you do, my old friend? God bless you, Nick Whiffles, have you forgotten Ned Hazel?"

Nick mechanically took the proffered hand, rose slowly to his feet, and with open mouth stared at the young man in a dazed sort of way, as though he did not understand what it meant.

"What's the matter, Nick? Have I changed so much that you don't know me? Why, I knew you the minute I placed my eyes on you," continued the sportsman, laughing in a way that showed his handsome white teeth, while he shook the hand of the trapper with such violence that his whole body partook of the vibration.

"Thunderation!" finally gasped Nick; "can it be possible? Are you my own Ned? Why, you war a boy when you left me, and I've been thinking of you as the same boy ever since."

"I was over fifteen then, now I am nearly twenty. Is there anything wonderful in that?"

"Wonderful!—I never seen'd any thing like it. What do you weigh?"

"Only a hundred and seventy-five."

"Ninety pound more than I do; let me take a nearer look at you," continued Nick, scrutinizing his face very closely. "There's them' hazel eyes, sartin, just as bright and purty as they was when they looked at me from the bottom of the canoe, sixteen or seventeen years ago. Lift your cap that I may see your fore-head a little better."

The young man removed his cap entirely, and stood in a smiling but meek attitude before the sorely puzzled trapper.

"Your hair is as soft and silky as it was then, your eyebrows are the same, and there's the scar where the grizzly bar'nipped you with his nail, and your cheeks are red as ever, but them condemned whiskers, they spite me."

"I fancied they were rather becoming," said the young man, with a rueful face, as he caressed them with his hand; "however, Nick, do you still doubt my identity?"

"No; I b'lieve you're the giniwine animal, and we'll shake hands ag'in on it." God be thanked, Ned, I'm glad to see you. Set down, set down; Calamity don't know yer, although he's eying you purty sharp."

"How are you, pup?" said Ned, turning to ward the dog and patting his head.

Perhaps, away down in the lowermost depths of the memory of the animal was a dim, flickering shadow of the handsome individual before him, and a faint gleam of intelligence lit up the eye of Calamity as he gazed at him. At any rate he knew he was the friend of his master. That was sufficient, and seating himself upon his haunches, he gazed contentedly upon the two men.

The two friends sat down on the log, side by side, and Ned said:

"Before going any further, Nick, let me ask you when you saw Miona last?"

"A short month ago, and she was as well and purty as ever; but, how is it you're here, Ned? You was to wait five years, and that won't be till another winter has come and gone."

"You're right, Nick; but, do you suppose I could content myself away from her any longer? I did my best; I have been to school and studied hard; indeed, I am by no means through with my schooling yet. I finally told the folks that I couldn't stand it any longer, and they gave their consent; so I took the first ship for Fort Churchill; Bandman and his wife came with me, so as to be here to meet us. I reached the fort about a month ago, and found a small party just getting ready to start for Oregon. As I was pretty well known at head-quarters, I was given charge of the half-dozen men, and began working our way down to this point. We intend to visit the village, if it is safe, and barter with them; but, of course, I couldn't pass anywhere near you without stopping to see you, and then, before I go near the place, I want to learn how the land lies, and to engage you to accompany us."

"Where are the men?"

"A number of miles up the river; I came on ahead, and made an appointment to meet

them to-morrow morning near the bend; so I am going to spend the afternoon and night with you."

"I only wish it was going to be a year," remarked Nick, with a tremulous voice. "I've been counting the months I would have to wait for you, and I never dreamed you war goin' to cut 'em short by a whole year."

"But you ain't sorry, I am sure," exclaimed Ned, in his hearty way, as he struck his hand upon the knee of the smiling trapper. "I have been in correspondence with Miona, ever since I left. It takes a long time for a letter to go from here to London and back again, and we didn't average many a year; but Mrs. Bandman had an arrangement by which we knew when to send, and when to expect letters."

"I know they get letters at the fort from England, but how did they send 'em down here?"

"They kept the keen "look-out" as they journeyed along, but were greatly relieved at the end of a couple of days, when they rounded in front of the village, without meeting any other white men."

"It was arranged that Nick Whiffles should act his old part of "go-between," or interpreter. Ned Mackintosh landing with him. The first person with whom they exchanged a word was Red Bear, who came to the water's edge with his father to meet them."

"As may be supposed, the young lover scrutinized his face, and the girl became white at the sight of his savage rival with anything but amiable feelings."

"Confound him!" he muttered, as he glanced sideways at him, "it would do me good to bury three or four balls from my revolver in your skull. The idea of your presuming to the notice of my Miona!"

"With a heart fluttering with hope, he looked here, there and everywhere in the hope of catching a glimpse of the girl herself, but not the first indication of her was discovered, and, at a sign from Nick, he withdrew, leaving him to carry on the interview alone."

"While the bartering and exchange was going on, the old trapper stood apart talking with Woo-wol-na and Red Bear."

Mackintosh feigned to take no notice of them, but, as may be supposed, his interest was no less than theirs; and, when his friend came back to him, and they put out in the stream, he could scarcely restrain his impatience.

Nick speedily explained.

"I swoo to gracious! if I could hardly keep my hands off of both of them old raps!" he exclaimed, with considerable feeling.

"What did they say?"

"You know they've never objected to my seeing the gal, when I axed fur her. The first time I done was to ax 'em to let her come down and have a word or two with me; (you see I wanted you to get a sight of her,) and what do you think they said?"

"I am sure I cannot tell."

"That she was gittin' ready to git married to the scalaug of a Red Bear, and she hadn't known it. I couldn't have prevented myself."

"Hold on!" said Nick, with a fatherly wave of his hand. "I got mad enough fur both of us. We've l'arned how the land lays, and now we'll go to work."

"Nick," said his young friend, after a few minutes' thought, "I feel that I can't go back without seeing Miona. As she is undoubtedly in the village, what is to prevent my getting out of the boat and going back and watching my opportunity?"

They sat in delightful converse, until the evening was drawing to a close, when Nick looked up.

"It's gettin' dark, and we'll go in, take supper, and start bright and airy in the mornin'."

"Have you any traps set?"

"Yas; but they don't need lookin' arter, and we'll tend to 'em in the mornin'."

The two walked into the hermit-like residence, where they ate their old-fashioned supper together, and then followed a long talk, in which each gave the other the particulars of his life for the previous four years.

Finally they lay down and slept.

CHAPTER II. WHERE WAS HE?

Long before the sun was up, Nick Whiffles and Ned Mackintosh were astir. The old hunter had a number of traps, from which, during the winter, he managed to secure a most valuable lot of peltries. His experience and intimate knowledge of the country taught him where to search for the haunts of the otter and beaver, and he always had a nice little income from his furs, caught during the winter.

It was with strange emotions that the young man made his rounds of the traps. Everything looked familiar—the appearance of the trees and vegetation, the smell of the woods, the clear, stinging air—all revived his memories, that had almost faded during the rush of events, during the four years that had been spent in another hemisphere and among scenes the very antipodes of these.

But here he had spent his childhood, and never could these scenes and incidents be forgotten.

In each of the half-dozen traps visited, was found a good, plump beaver, every one of which was killed and dressed by Ned's own hand, and they reached the cabin again and made their breakfast upon the delicate tails of the creatures.

Then they took a half-hour's ramble in the woods, the young man bringing down an antelope with a skill which elicited the admiration of the veteran trapper, who declared it was a fine specimen.

"I have kept up my practice at home," replied Ned. "There our hunting is somewhat different from this, but both require good marksmanship, and I can never lose the taste I acquired for it under you; but my men will be at the bend and we have little time to lose."

Calling out a jocular farewell to Shagbark, lazily marching the grass, and accompanied by Calamity, who seemed to be unusually frisky this morning, Nick plunged into the woods, and led the way toward the river along which he had spent so many years of his life.

As they reached the bank, a long Indian canoe was found there, and the six men, upon being called, speedily made their appearance. They

PAY AS YOU GO.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

You'll ever find this truth so-so,
It is always best to pay as you go;
'Twill save you from many an endless pain.
(I'm sorry, Smith; please call again.)

A man who's entirely out of debt
Has a taste of the very best happiness yet,
Free from trouble and free from sorrow.
(If you please, Mr. Brown, I'll see you to-mor-
row.)

You can always tell a man who owes
No man a cent, by the way he goes,
And I'm sure his very countenance shows
Just how poor—(Come back next week, and then
I'll fix it right, or tell you when.)

When he lays him down to sleep at night
Sleep comes easy and dreams are light;
He doesn't wake at every sound,
Thinking his creditors are around,
And then—(Mr. Biggs, how do you do?)

I'll straighten that thing in a day or two.)

There's nothing half so dear or sweet
As to go your way along the street,
And not be afraid that each time you meet
Will—(Black, I hope you mention it
If we meet again, and I should forget.)

When he gets a dollar he knows it's his own,
And he feels as proud as a king on his throne,
His conscience is clear of all the ills
That constantly come from those little bills;
And his heart is always light—(yes, Squire,
I'll settle next week, or I'll a lar.)

Keep out of debt if you're honest and true
To all that nature intended of you;
I never made a penny to-day,
And hold your head aloft with the best,
With pence in pocket and peace in breast,
Always—(Good-day, friend Jinks, nice weather,
I was just this morning wondering whether
That little bill was paid.)

I'm sorry if it was delayed;
I never before got a thing on credit,
And I'll pay it right off—as soon as I get it.)

Found Wanting.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

SYLVE WINTRINGHAM looked pleadingly into the handsome face that was bent so earnestly toward her—a dark, queenly face, with eyes that made one think of a Jewish princess, and hair as black as midnight skies.

"And you love him? You are sure, Sylvie? because, if you are, I never shall lay a hand on your way. You know that, darling?"

Miriam Lester laid her hand caressingly on the girl's golden hair, and smiled tenderly into the eager, upturned face, with its shy, proud blue eyes—blue as a violet petal, that were all aglow with the first love of her pure young life.

"You are always so good, Miriam; you are more like a mother to me than a half-sister, and I know perfectly well you will be as happy as I—if I marry Mr. Seville."

"Has it come to that, dear? Has Mr. Seville made you an offer of marriage?"

"It was only a few weeks ago, Miriam, that he—told me he would like to have me for his little—wife before he went to Long Branch."

"And you are sure of your own heart, Sylvie?"

"Why do you ask me, Miriam? Is it because you think I am too young to know what I feel or because you think my lover's hand some face has only fascinated me?"

"Oh, no, neither of those are my reasons. Frankly, I have heard Mr. Seville was a notorious lady's man, and had made his boasts he would only marry an heiress. I wouldn't have him break your heart, my darling."

"It is too bad that any soul should think that of him! He loves me for myself, I am sure, not because I am an heiress."

"Well, little sister, I only hope it will be all right. When he comes back again, I will see him, and I may be more favorably impressed by a personal acquaintance than I have been by report. He writes, Sylvie?"

"Oh, yes, twice every week—each lovely letters, Miriam, you never would doubt him if you could only read his lovely letters."

"If I was only going to Long Branch, instead of Saratoga, I might meet him. As it is, I may have to be patient a little longer. You have never mentioned me to him, have you?"

"Often and often. Why, he knows that I love my beautiful Miriam above all people."

"Then he only knows I am your sister Miriam! He has never heard I am Miss Lester!"

"I think not. It never occurred to me; you are not hurt, dear, that—"

"Hurt, with you? Never! Only I hope this handsome Mr. Seville will have no power to cause you to feel wounded. Listen, Sylvie—isn't that Maud Myers' voice inquiring for you?"

A fortnight after that, Miss Lester's trunks, plainly marked with her full name, and labeled Saratoga, left the mansion on Madison avenue; an hour later, Miss Lester drove off to the Grand Central Depot, where, instead of purchasing a ticket for the Springs, she ordered her baggage re-marked for Long Branch, and saw them off on an express truck, en route for the 1:45 boat, while she was driven to the pier in a hired coupe, her own carriage having been ordered home before she had made any alterations in her plans. She leaned back among the cushions, with a half-amused, half-pitiful smile on her face.

"I feel so sure it is only my little Sylvie's money he is after, and I shall bring to bear the strongest tests upon his loyalty. If he loves her nothing can tempt him! If he does not—poor little trusting girl! It is her first love, and the scars of the battle, if lost, will take a long time to wear off. But better the brief bitterness now—if bitterness there is to be—than a life of misery."

It was shortly before dusk—one of the most perfect evenings there had been at the seaside that season—and dozens of elaborately dressed ladies were promenading the long piazzas of the Ocean House, or sitting in picturesque groupings in the chairs, watching the continuous tide of fashion and elegance that surged by. Just in front of the entrance to the hotel an elegant barouche was waiting—coachman and footman in olive green livery, and a span of coal-black horses, in gold-plated harness, impatiently pawing and champing, tossing their beautiful heads, and throwing flecks of snowy foam over their glossy breasts.

An elderly lady was sitting within, apparently waiting for some one. And in a second, Miriam Lester, in a faultless carriage costume, followed by her French maid, carrying her parasol and fan, came through the entrance and entered the carriage.

Among the group of gentlemen loungers one watched her eagerly, then turning to some one at his elbow:

"Who is that magnificent woman? I never saw such a walk, such a figure, in my life."

"Take care, Seville; you're the dozenth man that has asked that question since the divinity arrived last night. Remember the golden-haired little girl of last winter, and then don't have eyes for anybody else."

"Just drop that, Lane! As if because a fellow's promised to a lily he has no right to enjoy the rose."

"By which I am to understand you intend to cultivate an acquaintance with Miss Lester?"

"So she is Miss Lester, is she; the intimate friend of Mrs. Secretary Elworth? The Miss Lester I've heard of, I think, before. Why, Lane, a fellow would be an idiot not to cultivate her—she's a tremendous heiress, and such a magnificent creature."

"What a dounced lucky thing it is that I'm on calling terms with Mrs. Elworth. I shan't be slow in paying my devours in that direction, mind you."

"For Miss Lester's especial benefit? Well, Rolf, it's to be expected she'll succumb—all the women do, it seems, to you."

"If they will, they will, Lane; and I don't see how I can help it. Indeed, a portion of my creed is—take all the goods the gods give."

And as these two gentlemen sauntered along from the "Ocean House" to the "West End," Miss Lester was leaning back among the olive-green cushions of Mrs. Elworth's barouche—as picturesque and queenly as ever a proud, beautiful woman could be.

"Who was that fine-looking gentleman in a white cloth suit, who stood by the office-door as I came out, Mrs. Elworth? Did you observe him?"

"Mr. Seville, I think. A gentleman with blonde hair and long side-whiskers, no mustache?"

"The very one, I thought as much," Miriam returned, quietly, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Two days later, Rolf Seville bowed low over Miriam Lester's hand, in Mrs. Elworth's drawing-room, with a registered vow in his heart.

"I'll win her, by Jove, engagement or no engagement."

While Miriam, laughing and chatting with bewitching loveliness and archness, thought:

"Now, my fine fellow, we'll see of what sort of stuff you are made!"

The brilliant season at Long Branch was passing, day by day, into only a tender memory of the past. A few cool days had driven some of the guests in hot haste home again, leaving only the *creme de la creme* to enjoy the delicious moonlight of those first September nights, and the fresh, cool breezes of the noons.

It had been an eventful summer to more than one fair girl, who had come to the crisis of her life beside those restless waves. Hearts had been broken; the happiness of many lives assured; hopes verified, fears realized; while to some, who lingered still, the problem of their fate was still unsolved. Perhaps it was that they were waiting for—at least it was that Rolf Seville tarried for, so long as Miriam Lester staid.

They had both become very intimate during those four weeks of sea-side summering. Mr. Seville had left no stone unturned to capture the heiress and beauty, while Miriam had used all her powers of fascination for his benefit. And the issue was fast approaching—just on their heels, as they sauntered leisurely on the sands one bright September morning.

"I fear you are a sad fellow, Mr. Seville. Positively, that is the second letter I've seen you receive this week, addressed in the same pretty hand."

"Merely a child's letter, I assure you, Miss Lester."

"But a very charming child, I am told, whom you intend to honor with your name some day. Miss Sylvie Wintingham, isn't it?"

"From Miss Wintingham, I'll admit. That I am engaged to her is a positive untruth. I am too deeply interested in another quarter."

Miriam averted her face, and thoughtfully traced lines on the sand with her parasol. "I have seen Miss Wintingham—she is a sweet girl, Mr. Seville."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes—sweet. But one tires occasionally of sweetness alone. One longs for a man's fancy may be attracted by a pretty face and cunning ways, but, Miss Lester, it is such women as yourself that take a man's heart by storm, that make him feel like a defeat unless fair hands like these crown him victor. Miss Lester—will you complete my life? will you love me as I love you? I worship you—my beautiful, beautiful darling, with all the ardor of a mature man. Am I to be so blessed?"

Then he said good-by and went away.

"I have a right to know, according to his own admission," Mrs. Stanhope said, and tore away the envelope. She read his letter through carefully.

"I think fate is playing into my hands," she said, grimly. "It will be quite a long time before your letter is answered, if I am not mistaken, Dick Gresham."

She went to the old clock in the corner, opened it, and dropped the letter down into its mysterious depths.

"There!" she said, shutting the door upon its secret, "that is disposed of safely, I think."

The next morning she spoke up suddenly to Miriam, as they were at work in the kitchen together:

"Dick Gresham was here yesterday to see you. He said he was going away last night, and didn't know how far he was going, nor how long he should be gone. He has joined the engineering-party going from Hilbury to the West. He told me to tell you good-by for him."

"That was all?" Miriam said it sharply, as if the words cost her a great effort. Her face was very pale.

"Yes, that was all," answered Mrs. Stanhope, busily with the milk-pans.

"He never cared for me, I'm sure," Miriam whispered to her pillow that night, and then crept herself to sleep.

Of course, it was hard on little Sylvie, but she had good common sense, and Miriam comfornted her, and to-day she is quite content.

The Old Clock's Secret.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"You shall marry Godfrey Marsh, Miriam," Mrs. Stanhope said, setting her teeth together, in that grim fashion of hers, which told that her mind was fully made up. "He is rich. He can give you a home second to none in all the country round. He can give you position and influence."

"I don't want a home, if I have got to marry for that, and nothing else!" answered Miriam, bitterly. "I don't care for all the position and influence Godfrey Marsh can give me, if I have got to accept him with them. I hate him. If I married him I would not live with him a year."

"You are a foolish girl," her mother answered, sternly. "A very foolish girl. There isn't another girl in Hilbury that wouldn't jump at the chance you have. And I don't believe you will let it slip out of your hands when you think it over as a sensible girl should."

"I shall never change my mind," answered Miriam, with something of her mother's grim determination in her voice. "Never."

"You are thinking of Dick Gresham, of course," sneered Mrs. Stanhope. "He is a much more desirable fellow than Godfrey Marsh, I suppose. I infer that you would not hesitate to accept the position and influence he could give you, as Mrs. Gresham."

"I have never said anything of the kind," answered Miriam, with a rising flush. "He has never asked me to say anything of the kind, and I certainly shall wait till I am asked. Dick Gresham is an honest, respectable man, and the peer of Godfrey Marsh in every

way. Godfrey Marsh's money I count out of the question entirely."

"I understand how the case stands," said Mrs. Stanhope, sternly. "I have told you before, and I repeat it again that you may understand me fully—never, with my consent, shall you marry Dick Gresham. I don't believe he cares half as much for you as for him. If he does, he doesn't show it as most men are apt to do, and you will save a good deal of gossip if you keep your fancy for him a little more to yourself. People are not blind."

And then Mrs. Stanhope went out, and Marcia sat and thought. Those last words of her mother's might hold a good deal of truth in them. She had sometimes wondered if Dick Gresham did care for her as she acknowledged to herself that she cared for him? He was not like most men. It was not in his nature to be demonstrative. Perhaps he was waiting to be sure of his own heart—and of her regard for him. She had been with him a good deal. She had been more than once if he loved her. If he did, he had never told her so. She believed that he did, however.

There was the rattle of carriage wheels at the gate. She looked out with a frown gathering on her face. She knew who was there, well enough.

"Is Marcia at home?" she heard Godfrey Marsh ask her mother. "If she is, I should like to take her out for a drive this afternoon."

"She'll be delighted to go. I'll call her."

"I won't go," she thought, hurriedly, with a little angry gesture. Then she thought better of that decision. It would offend her mother if she refused, and their life was not a very harmonious one of late. And perhaps Dick Gresham might see them, and conclude to speak out.

She was not ready and sent.

While she was gone, Dick Gresham came to see her. Mrs. Stanhope met him coldly, but politely.

He inquired for Marcia.

"She has gone out to ride with Godfrey Marsh," Mrs. Stanhope answered, with an inward chuckle at the disconcerted look on Dick's face.

"I am very sorry," he said. "I wanted to see her very much. I am going away this evening, and I do not know how long I shall be gone, nor how far I shall go. I wanted to say something to her before I went."

Dick knew that Mrs. Stanhope hated him. He felt it. But he was frank and honest with her.

"I can't say when she will be back," Mrs. Stanhope said. "I think Mr. Marsh expects to stop to tea. From that, I infer that they will be gone most of the afternoon."

"Yes, quite likely," answered Dick, absentmindedly.

"I shall not see her, then. But I might write what I wanted to say, and leave it for you to give to her."

"Yes, you could do that," she said; "you will find pen and paper in the secretary there."

"It's the best I can do," thought Dick.

"I'd much rather have said it, but, if I can't do that, I'll have to do the next best thing."

He wrote down what he came to say to Marcia Stanhope, and sealed it in an envelope, upon which he wrote her name.

"If you will give it to her," he said, laying it down upon the table by Mrs. Stanhope,

"you will be doing me a favor. I had rather not tell you what I have written, though perhaps you have a right to know. Marcia may tell you."

Then he said good-by and went away.

"I have a right to know, according to his own admission," Mrs. Stanhope said, and tore away the envelope. She read his letter through carefully.

"It's the best I can do," thought Dick.

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